

# Dwight's Journal of Music,

A Paper of Art and Literature.

WHOLE No. 187.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1855.

VOL. VIII. No. 5.

## Dwight's Journal of Music,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

TERMS: By Mail, \$2 per annum, in advance.  
When left by Carrier, \$2.50

J. S. DWIGHT, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

EDWARD L. BALCH, PRINTER.

OFFICE, No. 21 School Street, Boston.

### SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED

At the OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, 21 School St. Boston.  
By NATHAN RICHARDSON, 282 Washington St. "  
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### Life of John Sebastian Bach;

WITH A CRITICAL VIEW OF HIS COMPOSITIONS, BY J. N. FÖRCEL.  
(Continued from p. 25)

John Sebastian Bach was now thirty-two years of age; he had made such good use of his time, had studied, composed, and played so much, and by this unremitting zeal and diligence acquired such a mastery over every part of the art, that he stood like a giant, able to trample all around him into dust. He had long been regarded with admiration and wonder, not only by amateurs, but by judges of the art, when, in the year 1717, Mr. Marchand, formerly much celebrated in France as a performer on the clavichord and organ, came to Dresden, where he performed before the king and obtained such approbation, that a large salary was offered him, if he would engage in his majesty's service. Marchand's merit chiefly consisted in a very fine and elegant style of performance; but his ideas were empty and feeble, almost in the manner of Couperin, at least as may be judged by his compositions. But J. S. Bach had an equally fine and elegant style, and at the same time a copiousness of ideas, which might perhaps have made Marchand's head giddy, if he had heard it. All this was known to Volumier, at that time director of the concerts in Dresden. He knew the absolute command of the young German over his thoughts and his instrument, and wished to produce a contest between him and the French artist, in order to give his prince the pleasure of judging of their respective merits, by comparing them himself. With the king's approbation, therefore, a message was dispatched to J. S. Bach, at Weimar, to invite him to this musical contest. He accepted the invitation, and immediately set out on his journey. Upon Bach's arrival in Dresden, Volumier first procured him an opportunity secretly to hear Marchand. Bach was not discouraged, but wrote to the French artist a polite note, formally inviting him to a musical trial of skill: he offered to play upon the spot whatever Marchand should set before him, but requested the same readiness on his part. As Marchand accepted the challenge, the time and place for the contest were fixed, with the king's

consent. A large company of both sexes, and of high rank, assembled in the house of Marshal Count Fleming, which was the place appointed. Bach did not make them wait long for him, but Marchand did not appear. After a long delay, they at last sent to inquire at his lodgings, and the company learned, to their great astonishment, that Marchand had left Dresden in the morning of that day, without taking leave of anybody. Bach alone, therefore, had to perform, and excited the admiration of all who heard him; but Volumier's intention, to show, in a sensible and striking manner, the difference between the French and German art, was frustrated. Bach received on this occasion praise in abundance; but it is said that he did not receive a present of 100 louis-d'ors, which the king had designed for him.

He had not long returned to Weimar, when Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Cöthen, a great judge and lover of music, invited him to take the office of master of his chapel. He immediately entered on this office, which he filled nearly six years; but during this time (about 1722) took a journey to Hamburg, in order to perform on the organ there. His performance excited universal admiration. The veteran Reinken, then near a hundred years old, heard him with particular pleasure; and in regard to the chorus, "*An Wasserflüssen Babylon*," which he varied for half an hour in the true organ style, he paid him the compliment of saying, "I thought that this art was dead, but I see that it still lives in you." Reinken himself had some years before composed that chorus in this manner, and had it engraved, as a work on which he set a great value. His praise, therefore, was the more flattering to Bach.

On the death of Kuhnau, in the year 1723, Bach was appointed director of music, and chanter to St. Thomas's School at Leipzig. In this place he remained till his death. Prince Leopold of Anhalt Cöthen had a great regard for him, and Bach therefore left his service with regret. But the death of the prince occurring soon after, he saw that Providence had guided him well. Upon this death, which greatly afflicted him, he composed a funeral dirge, with many remarkably fine double choruses, and executed it himself at Cöthen. That in his present situation he received the title of master of the chapel from the Duke of Weissenfels; and in the year 1736, the title of court composer to the King of Poland, Elector of Saxony, is of little consequence, only it is to be observed that the last title was derived from connections in which Bach was engaged by his office of chanter in St. Thomas's School.

His second son, Charles Philip Emanuel, entered the service of Frederick the Great in 1740. The reputation of the all-surpassing skill of John Sebastian was at this time so extended that the king often heard it mentioned and praised. This made him curious to hear so great an artist. At first he distantly hinted to the son his wish that his father would one day come to Potsdam. But by degrees he began to ask him directly, why his father did not come? The son could not avoid acquainting his father with these expressions of the king's: at first, however, he could not pay any attention to them, because he was generally too much overwhelmed with business. But the king's expressions being repeated in several of his son's letters, he at length, in 1747, prepared to take

this journey in company of his eldest son, William Friedemann. At this time the king had every evening a private concert, in which he himself generally performed some concertos on the flute. One evening, just as he was getting his flute ready, and his musicians were assembled, an officer brought him the list of the strangers who had arrived. With his flute in his hand he ran over the list, but immediately turned to the assembled musicians, and said, with a kind of agitation, "Gentlemen, old Bach is come." The flute was now laid aside; and old Bach, who had alighted at his son's lodgings, was immediately summoned to the palace. William Friedemann, who accompanied his father, told me this story, and I must say that I still think with pleasure on the manner in which he related it. At that time it was the fashion to make rather prolix compliments. The first appearance of J. S. Bach before so great a king, who did not even give him time to change his travelling-dress for a black chanter's gown, must necessarily be attended with many apologies. I will not here dwell on these apologies, but merely observe, that in William Friedemann's mouth they made a formal dialogue between the king and the apologist.

But what is more important than this is, that the king gave up his concert for this evening, and invited Bach, then already called the old Bach, to try his forte-pianos, made by Silbermann, which stood in several rooms of the palace. The musicians went with him from room to room, and Bach was invited everywhere to try and to play unpremeditated compositions. After he had gone on for some time, he asked the king to give him a subject for a fugue, in order to execute it immediately without any preparation. The king admired the learned manner in which his subject was thus executed extempore; and, probably to see how far such art could be carried, expressed a wish to hear a fugue with six obligato parts. But as it is not every subject that is fit for such full harmony, Bach chose one himself, and immediately executed it, to the astonishment of all present, in the same magnificent and learned manner as he had done that of the king. His majesty desired also to hear his performance on the organ. The next day, Bach was taken to all the organs in Potsdam, as he had before been to Silbermann's forte-pianos. After his return to Leipzig, he composed the subject, which he had received from the king, in three and six parts, added several artificial passages in strict canon to it, and had it engraved, under the title of "*Musikalisches Opfer*" (Musical Offering), and dedicated it to the inventor.

This was Bach's last journey. The indefatigable diligence with which, particularly in his younger years, he had frequently passed days and nights, without intermission, in the study of his art, had weakened his sight. This weakness continually increased in his latter years, till at length it brought on a very painful disorder in the eyes. By the advice of some friends, who placed great confidence in the ability of an oculist, who had arrived at Leipzig from England, he ventured to submit to an operation, which twice failed. Not only was his sight now wholly lost, but his constitution, which had been hitherto so vigorous, was quite undermined by the use of, perhaps noxious, medicines, in consequence of the opera-

tion. He continued to decline for full half a year, till he expired on the evening of the 30th of July, 1750, in the 66th year of his age. On the morning of the tenth day before his death, he was all at once able to see again, and to bear the light. But a few hours afterwards he was seized with an apoplectic fit; this was followed by an inflammatory fever, which his enfeebled frame, notwithstanding all possible medical aid, was unable to resist.

Such was the life of this remarkable man. I only add that he was twice married, and that he had by his first wife seven and by the second wife thirteen children, namely, eleven sons and nine daughters. All the sons had admirable talents for music; but they were not fully cultivated, except in some of the elder ones.

[To be continued.]

#### AN OLD BALLAD.

We find the following in the "Curiosa" collected for the Philadelphia Bulletin, by "Meister Karl," who says of it: "The following eccentric ballad is somewhat modernized from one given in the 'Songs and Carols,' printed from a MS. in the Sloane Collection." It was written about the year 1450."

I have a young sister  
Far beyond the see;  
Many are the presents  
That she sente me.  
She sent me a cherry  
Without any stone,  
She sent me a pigeon  
Without any bone;  
Without any thornes  
She sent me a briar,  
She bade me love my lover,  
And that without desire.

How can a cherry  
Be without a stone?  
How can a pigeon  
Be without a bone?  
How can a briar  
Be without a thorne?  
And who e'er loved without desire  
Since true love first was born?

When the cherry was a blossom,  
Then it had no stone;  
When the dove was in the egg,  
Then it had no bone;  
When first the briar sprouted,  
Never a thorne it bore;  
And when a maiden has her love,  
Oh then she longs no more!

#### Letters from a Country Singing Teacher.

No. III.

M——, Oct. 29, 1855.

JOHN S. DWIGHT, ESQ.,

Dear Sir:—I promised, with your permission, to try my hand at giving you some idea of the difficulties we "psalm-singers" meet with in our endeavors to aid in the progress of a better musical taste. Heretofore a very strong prejudice has existed in the country towns against any one who devoted himself to the profession. Teaching music in any of its branches was considered derogatory, and the singing master especially was "a poor tool." When I was thinking of entering college, with small means, I had a conversation with an uncle, living forty miles from Boston, upon my prospects of being able to work my way through. I mentioned, among other means of earning something, the teaching of music. "Do anything that is honest and honorable," said he, "but don't think of turning singing master!" I can imagine what he would say, if he were still living, to see me making that my profession. I am not alone, however; many graduates of different colleges teach music, and, if I am not misinformed, even your so-called aristocratic institution at Cambridge has her representatives among us.

This feeling here in the country meets me at every

turn, and in places like this, so large that society is divided into grades, the 'squires and other dignitaries' families are unknown lands to the 'singing master'.

Winter before last the Calvinist society here, which, with the exception of the Episcopalians, is the most aristocratic, and is indeed much the largest, employed me to teach a singing school, and I have the best reason to suppose that I gave full satisfaction,—namely, in that they have since employed me to take charge of the singing school in the church.

But I am before my story.

The cause of having a school at all at that time was the necessity of doing something to fill up the singer's seats, or, to speak plainly, to do something towards having any singing at all. In the Episcopal society two or three musical families, the most aristocratic people in the place, sustained the choir, sitting themselves in the seats, and making a sort of high-born affair of the thing. The result is very good music. In the Methodist society, where there is no aristocracy, all who can sing at all collect into the seats, and what they lack in science they make up in zeal; and there too it goes very well. The Unitarian society, small but rich, has a hired quartet, very rare in this region. But the large, rich Calvinistic society had had all kinds of trouble. As their numbers increased and some grew wealthy and sent their daughters away to be educated at academies and boarding schools, a gradual separation into ranks took place, until at length Miss Jones—not the real name to be sure—would not sit in the seat with Miss Smith! The one having spent a year away at school and being the daughter of the store keeper, and the other a girl who worked in Mrs. James's milliner's shop! So one after another left the seats, as I was told, on grounds of this sort. But another trouble was in the ambition of two or three would-be "choristers" or leaders. The plan had been pursued of having the singers choose one of their number as leader, and parties had grown up, and sometimes all one party sat below, sometimes the other, and at other times all. On one occasion, and that too when a stranger preached, the first hymn in the morning was sung by a single man, and the preacher gave out no more! An attempt was made to get the congregation to sing, but this proved a signal failure. At length the clergyman, who is one of those rarities, a preacher with a real love and understanding of music, declared he would not endure such a state of things, dishonorable to him, to the society, and to that Being whom they pretended to worship, and to whom they ought to sing praises.

Money was raised and I was employed to teach a school. I had some seventy pupils, and flatter myself that they made good progress; certainly Mr. A., the minister, complimented me highly. Great things were hoped from this school, and no sooner was it finished and I away, than an attempt was made once more to form a choir. For a few weeks all went well, but it was one thing to the young people to meet on a week day evening and have a good time, under the guidance of one who was paid to lead them, and quite another thing to come together on Sunday and undertake to sing under the lead of one who, they supposed, knew no more than they themselves, and who did not know just their favorite tunes and all that sort of thing. Then, too, the old rivalry returned between A, B, and C, and they were soon as badly off as before.

This led to a request for me to undertake the charge of the singing. I accepted, and upon a certain Saturday evening, according to appointment, I met such as felt disposed to join the new choir, and found to my astonishment the vestry full of people of all ages from fifty down to a dozen. Well, there certainly was too much of a good thing. It would be useless to tell all the steps taken to make a selection; it finally ended in my making privately a selection of some twenty-five of my best

singers of the winter before, and in getting the ill will of at least as many more. The organist, I am happy to say, is a man of a thousand. At the outset he was kind enough to say that in all that concerned accompanying the vocal music he was entirely under my direction, but that he expected to have no interference from me in regard to his voluntaries and the like. To this I heartily subscribed, and no two ever got along better than we have done. This by the way.

Now came my task. The gentry of the parish continued to sit below. Young ladies, upon whose musical education had been spent I don't know how much, could not for a moment think of joining in the praises of the sanctuary, not they; they sit in the seats with common folks! Many of those who had been accustomed to sit there were utter strangers to me, and yet were offended at my not having sought them out, given them the chief places, and taken their advice. How could I do anything of the kind? I did not know them nor their capabilities. I did know what materials I had, just their worth, and their worthlessness. At all events, there was material of which something might be made. All were young; none capable of singing anything but very simple tunes, and with such tunes we made our first essay. My first request of the parish committee was for a set of new books, containing a higher grade of music than they already had; and, these obtained, there is no telling the labor and pains I took to drill the choir into some appreciation of the difference between good and bad, and into so much skill as would enable them to sing the good. In perhaps three months I began to feel some success attending my efforts. If I had had two young women of taste and musical culture at the outset there would have been no difficulty. But all such kept aloof, and the good girls who came to the choir meetings regularly and did the very best they could, and also came as much from a sense of duty as from any gratification, were laboring girls, "our noble Yankee girls", but of course without the sense of musical beauty which they had never had a chance to acquire.—I had two or three really fine voices, and it soon became a passion with me to develop them. Could my wife have been with me, it would have helped very much, but that was impossible.

But I am making this communication too long, I fear. Let me, however, mention one little incident that occurred some three months after I "entered office."

A Fair was held in the vestry for some charitable purpose, and great were the preparations. All the gentry took hold of it in earnest, and it was really a beautiful sight, as one entered the room and saw what taste could do, when the will was there. My new choir had practiced some good tunes and glees for the occasion, and of course I went over to assist. As I entered, here a face struck me which I had only seen in church or at the door, as a cat may look upon a king, now all wreathed in smiles, selling letters at the Fair post office. There another, the 'squire's daughter, selling lottery tickets, like any girl, behind the counter, only they went by another name. There another young lady, who had relations in Boston, behind a table, serving out lemonade, tea and coffee, and so on. They were taking up the cross and humbling themselves all for the glory of God; but though they would take part in this work, sitting in the seats with the very young ladies with whom on this occasion they were on such intimate terms, that never could be thought of. Well, we sang "Hail smiling morn,"—very appropriate, you may think, to be sung at an evening fair! I did not select it, however. And several other pieces that were within our powers, and then, after a pause, it was buzzed about the room: "Miss Jones is going to sing." Whether that had been kept secret or not I do not know, I knew nothing of what was coming.

Now came Miss Jones towards the piano, with a young man, who I afterwards learned was brought from the city for the occasion. I was standing close by the piano when the book was opened and put upon it. My heart leaped to see "With verdure clad"! It was long since I had had the opportunity of hearing anything of the kind, "cabined, cribbed, confined" to my daily task. The young man played delicately and well, and it was easy to see that he and the singer had full understanding, and that she would not suffer from any fault on his part. Oh, how sweetly she sang! Just that full, penetrating voice which goes to my heart, and which fully imbued with that nameless something which speaks of refined and intellectual musical culture. A duet followed, sung by Miss Jones and Miss Adams, whose alto did justice to the soprano, and so some half a dozen pieces followed each other, each exciting me more and more, until the tears rolled down my cheeks. I stood there unnoticed by all save a few persons, who evidently were watching to see the effect all this would have upon "the new chorister." As the last piece ended and the singers rose, I forgot all about the *difference of rank*, and exclaimed to Miss Jones: "Oh, if you would only sit in the singers' seats!"

You should have seen the look she gave me!

Voice could not have said more plainly: "You singing master!" I am afraid my humility was not much increased by that look. It gave me tenfold energy, and I determined, if such a thing was in the bounds of possibility, my head soprano singer, a girl who wanted nothing but cultivation, should yet render Miss Jones's presence in the choir unnecessary.

Respectfully Yours,

P. E. G.

### THE AUTUMNAL EQUINOX.

BY REV. N. L. FROTHINGHAM, D. D.

Room for King Autumn! Room!  
 Summer, the wanton queen, has run to doom,  
 And died. With warlike din,  
 The rude but bounteous conqueror marches in.  
 See how his banners fly,  
 The gonfalons of cloud and stain-streaked sky.  
 Hark to his pipe and drum,  
 On the fierce blast their stormy clangors come;—  
 They whistle and they beat  
 O'er the wide ocean, through the narrow street;  
 While to their terrible call  
 The surges mount, and tree and turret fall.  
 His cannon on the air  
 Flashes and roars. It is his sign! Room there!  
 Now he is sitting crowned;  
 And golden sunsets beam his brows around;  
 And ruddy noontide hours  
 Warm up the thin leaves of his mottled bowers.  
 At night the moon's pale face  
 Rises before its time, to do him grace.  
 Now plenteous fruits—not such  
 As those before them, mouldering soon from touch,  
 But hardy, ripening still  
 For use long hence—the patient garnerers fill.  
 O equinoctial time,  
 Whose days are southing towards the frosty clime  
 Of this strange life! In rains  
 Of storm and wrath at first thy power invades;  
 And at the ominous gale  
 Which Nature shakes at, a poor heart may quail.  
 New King, be good to me!  
 Let me thy mellow favors round me see,  
 And something laid in store, [more.  
 When leaves have dropped and flowers will bloom no  
 And take not clean away  
 The genial glows that warmed a longer day.  
 Hunters' and Harvest moon,  
 Loath to desert, and coming up so soon,  
 Be emblems to my mind  
 Of love, that when most needed shows most kind;  
 And all that crimson West  
 Breathe of pavilioned hopes and no ignoble rest.

### Diary Abroad.—No. 23.

BERLIN, SEPT. 26.—Last evening another of those delightful operas of common life, like Cherubini's "Water-carrier," Weigl's "Swiss Family," and Bellini's "Sonnambulist." This is *Des Adler's Horst*, (The Eagle's Eyrie,) the text by CARL VON HOLTEY, the music by FRANZ GLAESER, born in 1792, at the time of Beethoven's death Kapellmeister at one of the Vienna theatres, about 1831 called to the Königstädtisches Theatre in Berlin, and in 1849 holding a similar position in Copenhagen.

Probably no theatre in the world ever surpassed the Königstädtisches in the variety and excellence of its performances for so long a period as ten years. SONTAG was for three or four years prima donna there, and the troupe in general was worthy of her. But I cannot stop to give a history of that concern. It is enough to say that in the winter of 1833-4, *Des Adler's Horst* was produced there, and that last autumn it was revived for JOHANNA WAGNER upon the stage of the Royal Opera. This is the story.

Away up on the Giant Mountains, just upon the line between Bohemia and Silesia, some thousands of feet above the plains below, lived the old herdsman, Father Renner, with his wife Veronica, his son Anton, and his adopted daughter, Maria. One summer came a young woman thither and entered their service. She was the wife of Richard, now the forester of the lord of that mountain tract; but he having deserted her, she had fled with her infant child from the taunts and calumnies of those who knew her and believed her not the wife but mistress of Richard. Her child she kept in a cave near the house of Renner, where she spent every spare moment of her time.

The play opens with her appearance at sunrise engaged in her duties as servant. A recitative and air make known her sorrows and her still living affection for her husband. It appears, but not very clearly, that her knowledge of Richard's pretensions to the hand of Maria—a match which Veronica is anxious to make, that Anton may get him a richer wife—is what led Rose to come hither for refuge. Rose's air is interrupted by the approach of Cassian, a smuggler, who comes clambering down the precipice behind the house. A scene mostly of spoken dialogue (thank the stars!) follows, in which Cassian will have a kiss from the new and pretty girl, and Anton comes angrily to her rescue, running into a trio and quartet, which is very natural and funny. The two smugglers, for Cassian is joined by Lazarus, Father Renner and his wife have parts full of comedy, and I do not know when I have had so good a laugh. In the second act is a most capital scene, where the smugglers produce a basket of Hungarian wine, each drinks a bottle, and Father Renner gets decidedly 'over the bay'. Richard, early in the first act, comes up the mountain on his way, if possible, to reach the nest of the eagle, away up there on the pinnacle of rock,—a place never yet reached by men, though it had been attempted with others by Father Renner.

In this scene, Maria tells Richard, in a trio, that she loves Anton; Richard, deprived of her love, offers his hand as a brother; upon which Rose rushes from the house and joins in the trio with, "Trust him not!" This is a very fine scene, and the music, though not great, is exceedingly fine and appropriate. The surprise of Richard, the astonishment of Maria, the offended womanhood of Rose, are excellently given. The scene is broken off, Richard hurrying up the mountains, by the approach of Anton with a crowd of villagers from the valley, who have come up to assist in the hay harvest of Father Renner. Singing and dancing and fun and frolic are the order of the day. Cassian takes out mother Veronica, and Renner, tripping along beside them with his fat carcass, finally gets so excited that he determines to join the dance, not with any of the maidens present, he has a partner in the house. He goes in, and partly by force, brings out Rose. Upon their appearance the dance ceases—"Rose, Rose; yes, 'tis she, the runaway, the scandalized, the dishonored," &c., from the chorus. Poor Rose; you should see Johanna Wagner's face, her shrinking, her agony! The dance ends, the hay-makers go into the field. Veronica is all indignation. Renner all pity. He has a long and extremely humorous scene of quarrelling with his wife, and then one in

which he pities and consoles Rose; and the audience who have shaken with laughing at the first, shed tears at the second. Rose opens her breaking heart to the good old peasant and tells him her sad story. But now that Maria is safe from Richard, she calls Anton, and telling him that she is a wife, she joins Anton's and Maria's hands, and declares her intention of taking her child and going next day to a distant place, with a letter from Renner to a friend there, and there living as a widow among strangers.

There is a scene after this, in which Renner, having previously called his wife "a satan" in a maudlin state, makes up with her by averring that she is his "dear old angel", which convulsed the audience. The second act closes by the crowd of villagers coming rushing upon the stage, and shouting to Renner that the eagle has carried off an infant. The noise and confusion bring Rose from the house; all are pointing upward; she looks up into the clear heavens, and there, sailing towards his nest, is the eagle with her babe! The agony of her cry makes me shiver now to think of it. Rough human foot never trod those heights; she will attempt the rescue—a circumstance told by Scott as having actually occurred in Scotland—rushes through the crowd and disappears up the precipice, while the chorus seek ladders and ropes and everything that can aid in the ascent.

The third act opens with one of the most beautiful scenes I ever saw upon the stage—Alpine peaks enveloped in clouds. In the centre of the stage rise two cliffs, upon one of which is the eagle's nest, upon the other a dead tree. Rose appears climbing slowly up towards them; but her strength is almost exhausted, and overcome with fatigue and the cold she almost gives out. Now comes the sweet sound of the chorus far below, speaking hope, and with new strength she gives vent to her feelings in an air, the only accompaniment of which is the chorus in the distance.

The effect is superb.

She comes to the cliff with the tree. Too late she finds herself at the foot of the wrong peak, and though within a few feet of the nest, and she can see her child, a deep and impassable gulf lies between. Now, in despair, her voice sounds far and wide, and, as she calls the name of Richard, it reaches her husband's ears, who, spite of the thunder and lightning of the storm which is raging, has been drawing nearer to the object of his search, with a storm of repentance and sorrow more terrible raging in his breast. He calls, she answers. She tells him that she is there in hope of saving their child. Reconciliation takes place; she will return to him and forgive him if he will save the infant. Now the eagle settles down towards the nest and Richard fears to shoot. The lightning strikes, the old tree falls across the chasm—God has made her a bridge. He will direct the shot! Richard nerves himself,—fires,—the eagle drops; and Rose takes her child from the nest unharmed. Now comes up the crowd of villagers with ladders, planks, ropes, and the like, the chasms are bridged, Richard reaches Rose, and with a most beautiful tableau, amid the rejoicings of the chorus and the happiness of the re-united pair, and of good old Father Renner,—the opera ends.

I have found this beautiful both as a play and as an opera. I subscribe heartily to a criticism written in 1833. "The music is joined to a good but very copious text; its character is appropriate, only occasionally based a little too much upon the brilliant and striking instrumental effects, now so much the fashion; [this would not be thought of, however, in these days!] otherwise lively, melodious, for the prima donna very brilliant and well suited, and above all exceedingly well adapted for stage effect." And so on. It is long since I have enjoyed anything so much. I do not see why this opera, well translated and put upon the stage, with good scenery, and good chorus, and with such singers as I understand Miss HENSLEY and ADELAIDE PHILLIPS to be, might not run fifty nights in Boston. Perhaps, though, a Wagner is necessary to success. How magnificently she *did* act!

SEPT. 26.—This evening the "Messiah" in the Garrison church, for a charity. I take a grim satisfaction in recording that this famous society gave it most wretchedly. The only number which went very well



was the *Amen*, and that difficult chorus, which I do not remember ever to have heard *well* at home, rolled out here magnificently. But as a whole how much better I have heard it in Boston! How incomparably better was it given in New York by JULIEN's orchestra and BRISTOW's Singing Society. None of the rôles were good except those of Madame HAHNEMANN, who always sings beautifully.

But oh, Handel's Music!

#### SIGNS OF FALL.

BY B. F. SHILLABER.

The curious wind comes searching through the streets,  
With bodings bitter,  
Whirling around the quick pedestrian's feet  
Whole heaps of litter.

The charcoal man has donned his thicker coat,  
And gloves of leather,  
And chilly strains, that trembling gush, denote  
He's 'neath the weather.

The shopkeepers withdraw their fragile stock  
Of lace and muslins,  
Unable these to stand the stalwart shock  
Of autumn's hustlings.

Delaines and thibets float upon the air  
In tempting manner,  
And Bay State plaids are floating everywhere,  
Like many a banner.

And winter furs come on us unperceived—  
Of fitch and sable—  
And spousa and the girls, their cloaks achieved,  
Are comfortable.

And little Billy takes his winter boots  
From where he's thrown them;  
Alas! he tries and finds that neither suits,  
For he's outgrown them.

The vine looks sickly on the trellis high—  
The leaves all curling,  
And every breeze that hastens rudely by  
Sets them to whirling.

The old spout, hanging by a single nail,  
Doth sigh and mutter,  
As if in meek remonstrance with the gale,  
That threats doth utter.

The summer birds have left their breezy haunt  
Among our branches,  
And moved upon their regular annual jaunt  
To warmer ranches.

Huge heaps of coal defile the sidewalk way,  
And we, confound 'em,  
Must o'er their slippery heights a path essay,  
Or travel round 'em.

And many bills thrust in their leech-like length,  
With items fearful,  
Testing the purse whose corresponding strength  
Is never near full.

And white hats fade like flakes of falling snow  
In spring's warm weather.  
And fashion's votaries take another bow,  
Or higher feather.

The biting airs the shrinking flesh appal  
By sharp incisions,  
And every thing proclaims the approach of Fall,  
Except provisions!

#### That "Elegy."

*My Dear Mr. Dwight:*—The Cento verses, published in your most musical Journal, under the head of "Elegy," dated "Milwaukee, 1855," commencing

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
In every clime, from Lapland to Japan",

originally appeared in the Boston Morning Post in 1838. They were selected and dove-tailed by H. D. Johnson, Esq., of Washington. Since that time I have seen them copied in papers from all parts of the Union, and I observed they were also garnered in

the "Salad for the Solitary." By your publication one might imagine they were just invented at Milwaukee. Yours Respectfully,

IMPRIMATUR.

#### Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, OCT. 31.—Concert music with us can only be spoken of as in prospect, and that, alas, rather dim and confused. The elements are still in tumult, and it takes a long time to clear the atmosphere for the winter's campaign. We hear of one plan and another that make our hearts glad, but no new enterprise seems to gain a firm footing. So the promised concerts of the MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY appear to have been but a mirage that deceived us music-thirsty wanderers, and the *matinée* plan of Messrs. MASON and BERGMANN meets with so little encouragement that there is small hope of its being carried out. But one enjoyment we are sure of; that is Mr. EISELDE's Quartette Soirées, which we all have learned to love, some from long habit, others for the pleasure and benefit derived from them. Mr. Eisfeld, who has returned from Europe in excellent health and with sundry additional pounds of "outer man", has already recommenced his usual activity, and promises us his first soirée, with a fine programme, early next month.

Two of the PHILHARMONIC rehearsals are among the things that have been. It was amusing while they were taking place, to watch the working of the new rule, mentioned in my last, against talking. The effect was different with different members of the audience. Those who came to hear the music could be distinguished by the severe aspect of their countenances at such undisturbed enjoyment; of the rest, some looked perplexed, others bored, and others again kept up with their eyes the conversation in which their lips might not indulge. The prohibition seemed to have kept no one away, for the hall was even more crowded than in former seasons. But if there was a forced silence during the music, the "flow of speech" was all the more rapid and unrestrained at the slightest pause, of which there were not a few, for Mr. Bergmann is remarkably thorough in his drilling of the orchestra. Now on the torrent rushed, at such times, until suddenly dammed up by the recommencement of the music.

Among the audience, last Saturday, we noticed GOTTSCHALK, the pianist, (who, by the way, seemed unaware of the rule spoken of above, and might have been benefitted by the admonition of an usher). He has, I believe, but recently arrived in our city, and it is to be hoped that he may remain sometime. If he does not care to give concerts on his own account, may we at least hear him in the first Philharmonic concert.

The MOLENEAUXS have recommenced their soirées in Brooklyn, but with what success I am unable to say.

NEW YORK, OCT. 31.—There is not much news this week, and I do not believe there will be until after the election. You may wonder what politics have to do with music, but here in New York at present everybody is perfectly mad with electioneering. I heard one of the first violinists of the Philharmonic make a political speech the other day, and I must confess I did not like his oratory half as well as his music. "And he played upon a harp of a thousand strings, spirits of just men made perfect." Even our ladies leave their music and no longer sing arias to their admiring beaux, but (I am glad to say) entreat them to vote the Republican ticket. But in a week or two all this will be changed, the *Prophète* will be produced, and New York have something new to excite it.

Meanwhile there was an attempt at ballet and con-

certs, last week, at the Metropolitan. The Spanish dancers furnished the pedal, and Sig. ROBBIO (violinist), Signora VIETTI-VERTIPRACH, &c. the manual and vocal amusement. Last Monday, however, the bubble burst, Signor Robbio uttered his means of complaint from the stage, interrupting his solo to do so, and the affair "fizzled."

BUCKLEYS have produced ADAMS's *La Chalet*, and done it exceedingly well. In my next I hope to tell you more about it.

PHILADELPHIA, OCT. 25.—You editors are clever fellows, I know, but at the same time I am very well aware that you do not learn every thing by instinct; like the rest of the world you have to obtain information before you can impart it. You like to make your Journal a record of musical events throughout the country, and I am willing and ready to keep you *au fait* in regard to matters in Philadelphia. We are about to have a very brilliant season, particularly in the Sacred and Classical concert line, to which you have always paid so much attention in Boston, and it may interest your readers to be furnished with an impartial criticism from a person entirely disconnected with the givers of the various series. I am perfectly certain that such articles as I shall indite would be eagerly perused here, for, notwithstanding our Quaker principles, our papers never speak the truth in regard to concerts, unless free tickets have been scarce, when the actual defects of a performer are discoursed upon in most remarkable style.

To begin, then. We have, in the field of Sacred Concerts, two associations,—the MUSICAL UNION, and the HARMONIA SACRED MUSIC SOCIETY; the last a respectable chartered concern, with a convenient charter, plenty of money, a high standard of popularity, and any amount of energy; the former, a trio of musicians with very remarkable names—ROHR, THUNDER and CROUCH. You know CROUCH, the amiable Crouch, with his superfluous hair, and great voice; Crouch the unappreciated, Crouch the 'composer of Kathleen Mavourneen', as he so continually advertises himself.

THUNDER you probably do not know; a quiet, gentlemanly person, the organist of St. Augustine Catholic cathedral, and a performer of finished excellence; I know nothing against him in any way unless it be that he is unfortunate enough to be an Irishman, which after all is not so bad, now that the Know Nothings have been defeated. ROHR used to sing bass with the SEGUINS during the latter part of that company's existence, and was afterwards with Mr and Miss RICHINGS: a capital singer, too, with a delicious voice. These three have organized a series of performances, the first of which took place on Tuesday, the 28th inst., at Concert Hall, of course, where the large organ of the Harmonia Society is placed. Mr. Thunder presided at this instrument, which is, within a very few pipes, as large as the Tremont Temple organ, with the same number of manuals, and as great a variety of stops; it is badly placed, however, being compressed into the smallest possible of ugly cases, and packed up on a gallery, so that many of the pedals speak against the ceiling. The chorus of the Musical Union numbered, according to the bills, two hundred, according to appearances, a little more than half of that.

The oratorio selected was MENDEL's "Joseph", and had not the night been inclement in the extreme, the hall would have been thronged; as it happened, about seven hundred persons braved the rain storm, and were scattered about the room. The music was very well done in the main; the choristers well drilled and efficient; the organist accompanying with much taste; but the solo singers were very inferior. Your tenor, ARTHURSON, seemed frightened out of his wits, and performed some very extraordinary gymnastics with his pretty voice; he evidently did not know his part, which was a difficult one, full of

long uninteresting recitatives, which require to be sung in first rate style to make them acceptable. Then there was a *young* lady to sing the part of Benjamin; fortunately she had very little to do, as she had neither voice nor style, nor ability to comprehend the music. Some of the newspapers here do talk nonsense about her; for instance the *City Item*, "our musical organ", says she had "very little to do as Benjamin, but made that little great by the artistic conception with which she rendered the music of the part." This is most certainly "information for the people" who heard her. In our humble opinion the "artistic conception" would have driven the composer out of the hall, full tilt. Mr. Rohr sang Jacob out of tune, but with a degree of expression, a little marred by his Germanic pronunciation. Mr. RAINER shouted the scenes of Naphthali in a surprising manner, while conductor Crouch growled his part from his desk, with his back to the audience, so indistinctly as to be unintelligible. Fancy this quintet, friend Dwight, slaughtering Mehul's beautiful, classic, refined music.

"Joseph" is properly an opera, and is about as well suited for an oratorio as the "St. Paul" or "Elijah" for the stage. Consequently the music sounds tame, deprived of its action and scenic accessories. With all its beauties, it did not tell on the audience, for not a solitary encore was demanded from one end to the other, and the little applause that did manifest itself was highly suggestive of claqueurs. As the *Item* truly remarks in the course of the same article, (which, by the way, we would particularize as one of the most striking specimens of contradictory writing in our range of reading): "Throughout, Mehul seems to have composed more for an audience of cultivated musicians, than for the public at large." Notwithstanding the failure of the so-called oratorio, it is announced to be repeated on Saturday evening. The performers may avail themselves of the intervening days to practice their solos; if they do not, woe to those who go to hear them.

So much for the "state of the 'union'", and its perpetration of "Joseph". Unhappy Philadelphia! threatened with eleven more concerts from it.

Of the Harmonia we can say but little at present, as its first concert does not take place until next Monday. I tried to get into a rehearsal last Thursday, and certainly succeeded as far as entering was concerned, the doors being open to any one, for the policy of the association is politeness; but staying there was altogether another affair, every seat in the saloon being occupied, and every standing place filled. Not even "The Heavens are telling" could keep me, as I had to listen in an upright posture, consequently I departed as wise as I had come. The society announces HAYDN's "Creation" for its first concert, with the organ I have already mentioned, a full orchestra, the chorus, which has a high reputation, and the best solo talent to be found among the ranks of its members, no one being suffered to appear unless regularly belonging to the vocal department. I will tell you all about it in my next, but in every probability that "all" will be but "small", as I consider the Harmonia absurdly overrated.

The celebration of MOZART's Birthday is taken in hand solely by the German societies, although they confidently expect the assistance and concurrence of the Musical Union and Musical Fund Society. It will doubtless be a grand affair.

PARODI returns to us next week, and Mme. LAGRANGE is coming back to sing for the Philharmonic—perhaps. Yours, VERITAS.

[We shall be pleased to hear again from "Veritas," but we must require the writer's real name.—Ed.]

Serenity, repose, grace, the characteristics of the antique works of Art, are also those of MOZART's school. As the Greek portrayed his thundering Jove with a serene face, so Mozart wields his lightnings.

R. Schumann.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 3, 1855.

### New York Philharmonic Society.

We have received the Thirteenth Annual Report of this now really flourishing society. Its history is not only full of encouragement to the high-toned musicians, who have labored through its instrumentality to make classical music a permanent institution in that great Babel of a city, and to those among its busy, care-worn population who hunger and thirst after good music, but it may furnish some good lessons to those of like wants and tastes in our own and other cities. The love for great orchestral music is sure to deepen and the audience therefor to widen, where such music can be frequently and well performed, and easily accessible. In each of our large cities there are given the desire for it on the part of many, and the capacity in more; there are given also the musical material and talent for such concerts. The only real problem is of organization, of bringing the demand and supply into some permanent and working form. The New York Philharmonic Society may not be by any means a perfect solution of the problem; its plan perhaps admits of many modifications for the better; yet it has wrought out a result instructive and encouraging.

By the Report it appears that the gross receipts from the four Concerts (with rehearsals) for the season of 1854-'55, amounted to the large sum of \$6,400. This, after defraying all expenses, left a dividend of \$65.00 to each member of the orchestra of over seventy musicians.—Since the beginning of the society the amount of \$1,434.14 has been appropriated for charitable purposes, for the relief of members in distress, of widows and children of deceased, &c. The Report gives a list of 747 "associate members," as the subscribers for season tickets are called, who form for the most part a body of reliable supporters of the concerts season after season. There is also a list of 144 "professional members" and of 51 "subscribing members," whose relation to the affair we do not precisely understand. Some light, however, may be gathered from the opening paragraph of the Report:

We again have cause to rejoice at the liberal patronage our Society has received during the past season, which, indeed, has proved one of unprecedented success, the number of professional members having increased during that period from 555 to 747; the number of subscribing members, however, diminished from 62 to 51. As this last item may seem a contradiction when we speak of our increasing success, and as it may appear strange that the annual reports for several seasons should show a gradual but steady decrease in the number of subscribers, we will embrace this opportunity for assigning the true cause of it, for instead of considering it a feature for discouragement, it will be easily seen that we have cause rather to rejoice over it. At the time of the formation of the Society we had only *subscribing* members, whose privilege it was to attend the *three concerts* of each season, and who were quite satisfied with listening to our performances on these occasions alone; a few years later, however, a desire was manifested by many to attend also the *rehearsals* of the Society, so as to have an opportunity of hearing the works of the great masters several times before the final performance, in order to be enabled to enjoy and appreciate them more thoroughly, which fact at once induced

the Society to create an *associate membership*, the additional advantage of which is, that all such belonging to this class of members have an admission to all the rehearsals of the Society; moreover the annual number of concerts was increased from three to four. From the moment this arrangement was consummated, the *associate* members increased rapidly from season to season, while the list of subscribers as regularly decreased. You will at once perceive that a most unmistakable proof is thus furnished of the great change which has taken place during the last fifteen years in the musical sense of our community, and of the increased interest that is now felt in our midst for truly good music.

Strange to say, this admission of audience to rehearsals, which operated so badly in the case of the Musical Fund orchestra in Boston, seems to have been the salvation of the Philharmonic. Yet it has not been without its attendant evils there. Can an orchestra be actually and sincerely *drilled* before an audience? Will the individual member submit with a good grace to be checked by the conductor and asked to try his lame passage over by himself in presence of the *beau monde*? Can the conductor feel as free to interrupt the music and the smooth enjoyment of the audience, as he would in private? Doubtless the Philharmonic, too, has had its share of this old difficulty; to offset which, in part, at least, the Government in their Report repeat the recommendation of separate (private) rehearsals for the string instruments alone. They have also found their business disturbed by the ungentelemanly and unlady-like behavior of some guests so privileged; and for protection against this outrage they have this season employed ushers in the hall for the express purpose of checking all such improprieties, in furtherance of the following recommendation:

4th. That the most efficient means be taken for preventing the disgraceful habit of talking aloud at the rehearsals while the performance is going on; which, to say nothing of such gross breach of good manners, has of late become such a source of annoyance, that it has provoked serious and just complaints, the more so, as this unwarrantable conduct seems to emanate from but a *few* of those present, who—to the detriment of the *many* true lovers of music—would seem to be more attracted and charmed by the sounds of their own voices, than by the inspiring, solemn, majestic tones of BEETHOVEN or MENDELSSOHN.

An excellent, because just and necessary, although unfortunately necessary, measure, which it would be well to introduce into Concerts, strictly so called, as well as into public rehearsals. We commend it to the directors of our own various orchestral and oratorio concerts for this coming winter. It will allow the quiet ones to listen to Mozart and Beethoven in peace, while the offending parties cannot possibly complain when checked, since a moment's reflection *must* show them that they and they only have been in the wrong. These are the two serious objections against the public rehearsal system. As to the third one, often urged, that they take off the edge of public appetite and spoil it for the concerts, by making these fine feasts too cheap and common, we see little force in it. The truth is that all great musical compositions require to be heard more than once to be appreciated; that the eager love for such great music "grows by what it feeds upon," and can only exist to any wide extent amid frequent opportunities of hearing it; that a symphony of Beethoven, where it has been heard

again and again by thousands, will attract thousands, whereas when announced for the first time it will barely attract hundreds; and therefore we conclude that a well regulated system of admission of audiences to rehearsals, by familiarizing the ears and minds of people with good music, does really tend to recruit and educate fresh audiences for concerts. The perfect settlement of the question would be a system which should combine both private and audience rehearsals. The Philharmonic plan extends the privilege of rehearsals only to subscribers to the series of Concerts, or "Associate Members," and to others introduced by them, upon the payment of fifty cents for each such admission.

The success of the Philharmonic Society seems due to several causes, prominent among which are these. *First*, it has been fortunate from the start in the composition of its members, and particularly in the fact, that being a self-governing society of musicians, a class so seldom capable of managing the business of a society, it has found musicians gifted with the capacity for leadership, high-toned, gentlemanly, who had the spirit of devotion and of order, and whose wholesome influence was cheerfully seconded by all. *Second*, as regards the musical excellence and completeness of the orchestra, New York has so very large a body of musicians, from which such a society may draw. *Third*, their audience, although it has averaged very much smaller, until the last year, than our Boston audiences for such concerts, has paid very much better. The high price system has prevailed. A sort of exclusiveness has even been the policy of the society during the years of its initiation; it has been made a *privilege* to be enrolled among its auditors, like an admission into the true society and sphere of music-lovers:—a thing therefore worth paying well for, for the sake of listening in a somewhat congenial atmosphere and undisturbed. This has not been without its good result; it has given character and basis to the concerts, on the strength of which they can now afford to make themselves more cheap and popular, without catering to lower tastes.

But in and through all and above all is this success due to the high stand taken, and persistently maintained, by the artistic leaders who have given tone to the society; who, notwithstanding some inferior programmes, have ever had a foremost regard to the cultivation of a high and classical taste in music; and who have not compromised the dignity of Art by resorting to the extraneous means of brilliant superficial triumphs, to swelling advertisements and the like Barnumbian clap-trap. Content to persevere in doing a good thing and let the world find them out, they at length have their reward.

**A LEAGUE FOR TRUTH.**—"Veritas," who writes to us from Philadelphia, complains that the newspapers there never will tell the truth about the concerts, unless their consciences are suddenly quickened by the withholding of "free tickets." The same thing is lamentably too true of newspapers in all our cities, nor is the case a great deal better when you go to London and to Paris. "Musical criticism" in newspapers, we all know, with a very, very few exceptions, and those exceptions sometimes only for a short spell, is anything but criticism, and anything but truth-telling. It is simply extra-bountiful advertisement, which

the concert-givers have got spoiled and pampered into looking for as a part of the *quid pro quo* when they insert paid advertisements. In paying a business price, they expect not only to have their business done, but to have any amount of friendship and partiality and praise thrown in besides. Newspapers live by advertising, and so vie with one another in inconsiderate praise and compliment of artists and would-be artists and humbugs and all, rather than lose their patronage.

If a young man, with some sincere love of musical truth, reviews a concert for a newspaper, he is very apt to receive a hint from the employer that the article must be as complimentary and flattering as he can "conscientiously" make it; and he must stretch that conscience very far not to be told the next morning that he has been "terribly severe," let him write as kindly as he will. We blame no one; perhaps in the present state of things they cannot do better; perhaps it is impossible to swim against the tide. The truth is, musical criticism, in any true sense, does not pay. Very rarely does a newspaper see its interest in paying for it liberally enough to secure the services of persons qualified for such a task. They make light of it, are content with the loose and thoughtless paragraphs of any boy, who is glad to gratify his love of concert-going, and perhaps his vanity, getting free admissions and a few dollars to-boot for so easy a service as the fun of inditing the said paragraphs and reading them the next morning. The staple of the articles is praise, promiscuous and unqualified, in full chime always with the heralding announcements of Madame's or of Signor's enterprising, gentlemanly, generous agents. Sometimes a little personal spite or prejudice varies the color of the article, embittering its tone, but who will deny that we have faithfully depicted the prevailing practice? A third-rate prima donna comes, with shrewd associates and agents; *telegraphic despatches*, even, have forewarned us of her astounding triumph last night in another city; the laudatory echoes are caught up by paper after paper with the simplest, silliest good will; she sings, perhaps shows real merits, but the talk is started, the fashion is set, "it's the humor of it" (as Corporal Nym says,) and "peerless," "unapproachable" are the flaming epithets that break out over every newspaper. You would think that here was another LIND or GRISI; for all that was ever said of them is said of this one, and will be said again and again of others who shall follow at an humble distance after her.

Now we make a proposal to the conductors of our City Press; for we know that they all would gladly maintain the dignity of criticism in music as in other matters, in their columns, if they only knew they could. The proposal is simply this: let all the daily papers enter into a league together, that, whether concert-givers advertise with them or not, in their notices of artists and of concerts, they will all abide by one another in telling nothing but the truth, so far as they are able to find it out; that any suggestion from agents or managers of concerts as to the kind of notice expected, shall be treated as a discourtesy to the Press; as, in fact, so much impertinence. This will soon bring the agents to their senses, and show them their advertising is a business matter, and no favor. Now who will lead off in a League for Truth?

## Musical Chit-Chat.

MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS gives a second Concert in the Music Hall this evening, assisted by Mr. MILLARD and an orchestra conducted by ZERRAHN. She will sing the famous cavatina: *Che farò senza Euridice*, from Gluck's *Orfeo*; an aria from *Marino Faliero* (Donizetti); *Non più mesta*; an English ballad; and duets from *Tancredi* and *La Favorita*. Beethoven's "Prometheus" overture will open the concert. . . . Mrs. J. H. LONG, one of the most gifted and promising of our native singers, has been engaged, it will be seen, for the first of the Orchestral Concerts, which has been fixed for the 24th of this month. See announcement in another column, and make haste if you would secure season tickets at subscription price.

We have had peculiar satisfaction in viewing a statuette of BEETHOVEN, in Paris bronze, by WM. W. STORY. The design is original and striking, and the execution admirable. Intended for a parlor and not a monumental statue in a spacious hall, it differs altogether in treatment from the colossal Beethoven of CRAWFORD. The mighty little man, with the great head, is represented in a sitting posture, leaning over the arm of his chair, his chin resting on his hand, which grasps the ball surmounting the chair, as in the very agony of composition, all knotted up, and laboring with great thoughts, and a mighty, never-yielding will to execute them, as only a Beethoven could labor. The figure is short and rugged, as we have the actual man described, not lifted into any ideal nobility of stature; the dress, too, that of his time, until his latest years, that is, small clothes, open shirt collar, and a large skirted great coat thrown back, with pocket stuffed with music sheets. The head, for which the artist had the aid of a mask taken from the composer's face after death, is bigger in proportion, than in Crawford's statue, and perhaps more literally true, yet not essentially unlike, at least to our observation. It is of the noblest type, thoroughly German in its character, and thoroughly individual; full of fire, of genius, of deep-brooding sentiment and thought, of power and equally of suffering; the forehead covered with knotty protuberances and swollen veins; the face marked and furrowed with the lines of intense thought and emotion. One feels that this is truly Beethoven, and can admire it equally in its way with the colossal erect image designed for the Music Hall. We trust our friend will allow copies, both in bronze and plaster, of this satisfactory statuette, which was modelled while he was abroad, at the suggestion of the poet BROWNING, who is the appreciating possessor of the first copy.

We are happy to learn that Mr. OLIVER DITSON is about publishing the complete four-part songs of MENDELSSOHN, with German and English words, in a handsome volume of some 200 pages. It will be the richest windfall to our hundreds of glee clubs and singing circles, that has occurred for many a year. We only hope that the English words used may be a somewhat fair representation of the German original; for song-writers like Mendelssohn and Franz and Schubert, commonly choose good poems for their subjects. It has been too common here for publishers, on the score of economy, to borrow any English words they might chance to find in London editions of the songs they undertake to reprint. . . . J. A. NOVELLO, (London and New York.) has just issued the theoretic works of ALBRECHTSBERGER, the great contrapuntist, the master of BEETHOVEN and so many other masters, complete in one beautiful octavo volume, at the low price of \$2.63, a work which in former editions has cost four times as much. The translation is by SARILLA NOVELLO, and the book contains the treatise on "Harmony and Thor-



ough Bass," and the "Guide to Composition," which may also be had separately, the former in one, and the latter in two volumes. A lawyer would almost as soon be without his Blackstone, as a musician without this foundation work.

At the Academy of Music during the past week Mme. LAGRANGE has appeared in *La Sonnambula* and *Linda*. The steamers Hermann and Ariel brought the new artists, whose engagement was mentioned in our last, viz: SALVIANI, first tenor, from Florence; PATANIA, prima donna, from Vienna and Milan; CASPANI, primo basso profondo, from Milan; and Signora VANTALI, contralto; also Mlle. NANTIER-DIDIEE, contralto, who succeeded ALBONI at Covent Garden, and has been principal contralto with GRISI and MARIO for the past three years. The season will now set in earnest. The *Propheie* will be brought out early next week, in which SALVIANI will make his first appearance as the Prophet, with Mme. LAGRANGE as Fides, and MORELLI as Zacharias. *Les Huguenots*, *L'Etoile du Nord*, *Robert le Diable*, and Verdi's last, the "Sicilian Vespers," are also promised.

The Philadelphia newspapers notice the performances of Mehul's "Joseph" in much more admiring terms than our spiczy correspondent "Veritas."—Surely "Veritas" could have found a happier term to apply to Mr. ARTHURSON's voice than "pretty;" the timidity, or nervousness, we can conceive possible, and without discredit to so good an artist. The *Argus* says of him:

He has a fine tenor voice, a prepossessing appearance, and a thorough musical education. His notes are pure, and made without any apparent effort. His manners are easy and graceful, and, as far as we could observe, he had but a single fault, and that is a serious one. He has affectations of pronunciation which mar his singing most grievously. As an example of what we mean, take the simple word *into*. Mr. A. sings it as a word of three syllables, thus—*in-a-to*.

Of the second performance, on Saturday, the *Penn. Inquirer* says:

The immense body of voices, and the executants, generally appeared to vie with each other in making the ensemble perfect, and never was a more glorious triumph achieved than on this second performance. Applause followed each successive piece in order, and the discrimination shown by the Conductor, fully convinced every listener present that he fully understood his subject, and the executants under him as fully comprehended the energetic wielding of his baton. The Chorus appeared like one vast piece of machinery, once set in motion, impossible to go wrong. Words and music rolled on in mighty majesty, and for once we heard distinctly the words emphatically given, agreeably to the text and common sense.

We have received a copy of the English version of the text of "Joseph," used on this occasion, made by Prof. CROUCH, who, we are happy to hear, proposes to publish the work by subscription. We are not familiar with the original, but the translation reads well. The week has been a very musical one in Philadelphia: Saturday, 27th, Musical Union, "Joseph;" Monday, Harmonia Sacred Music Society, "Creation;" Wednesday, PARODI, with STRAKOSCH, ARTHURSON, &c., a rich programme; Thursday, Miss C. SHEPPARD, with Messrs. THUNDER, CROUCH, and LA CRASSA, pianist, songs, glees, &c.; Friday, Parodi again; and Saturday (to-night) Arthursen and Crouch.

ALFRED JAEEL was concertizing in the early part of last month, with his usual success, in Hanover, where, says the journal of that place, he had the honor to play before the king, who graciously presented the young artist with a costly ring.... OLE BULL has taken up his bow again. He has lately played in Providence, and gave a concert in Salem on Wednesday evening, assisted by Mlle. SOPHIE MARIANI, "favorite young prima donna and great

vocalist from the principal theatres of Italy and Germany", Sig. MANZOCCHI, "first tenor of the grand operas of Madrid, Lisbon and Naples", and "the distinguished pianist and composer", FRANZ ROTH. .... A Philadelphia paper says of the concert mentioned in our correspondence, alluding to the by no means fair-weather names of some of the leading performers: "A terribly stormy, wet and disagreeable evening—probably an *elemental compliment* to Messrs. THUNDER, ROHR and RAINER—prevented a very large attendance at Concert Hall to hear Mehul's oratorio of "Joseph and his Brethren."

## Advertisements.

### Miss Adelaide Phillipp

Respectfully begs to announce that (by desire) she will give a

#### CONCERT

AT THE  
BOSTON MUSIC HALL,  
This (Saturday) Evening, Nov. 3d.

#### PROGRAMME.

- Part I.  
1. Overture: "Prometheus,".....Beethoven.  
2. English Ballad: "Then you'll remember me,"  
from the *Bohemian Girl*,.....Balfe.  
Mr. H. Millard.  
3. Aria: "Dio clemente," from *Morino Faliero*,.....Donizetti.  
Miss A. Phillipp.  
4. Canzone: "La Donna è mobile," from *Rigoletto*,.....Verdi.  
Mr. H. Millard.  
5. Cavatina: "Che farò," from *Orfeo*,.....Gluck.  
Miss A. Phillipp.  
6. Duetto from *Tancredi*, (by request),.....Rossini.  
Miss Phillipp and Mr. Millard.

- Part II.  
1. Overture: "Martha,".....Flotow.  
2. English Ballad: "The Village Belle,".....Peed.  
Miss A. Phillipp.  
3. Romanza: "La Domanda,".....Millard.  
Mr. H. Millard.  
4. Ronde: "Non più mesta," from *Cenerentola*,.....Rossini.  
Miss A. Phillipp.  
5. Anvil Chorus from *Il Trovatore*,.....Verdi.  
6. Duetto from *La Favorita*,.....Donizetti.  
Miss Phillipp and Mr. Millard.

Tickets Fifty Cents each, to be obtained at the usual places. Doors open at 7. Commence at 8 o'clock.

#### ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

ENCOURAGED by the numbers who have already subscribed for season tickets, the Managing Committee respectfully announce that the proposed series of Six Concerts will commence on SATURDAY EVENING, Nov. 24th, in the Boston Music Hall, and be continued once a fortnight.

The Orchestra of fifty-four of our best musicians has been organized, with CARL ZERRAHN as Conductor, and eminent Solo Artists will assist. The leading features of the First Concert will be Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, the Overture to *Tannhäuser*, and the Finale from *Don Juan*, for orchestra; Vocal pieces by Mrs. J. H. LONG, and Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor, for Piano, by OTTO DRESEL.

Early applications will be necessary for Subscription Tickets, as the lists cannot be kept open after the 20th of November. Tickets for the Single Concert, Fifty Cents. Subscription tickets will be ready for delivery Nov. 12th, at Richardson's Musical Exchange, 252 Washington street, where further particulars may be learned. By order of the Committee,

NATHAN RICHARDSON, Sec.

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TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE,  
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THE Government of the Society announces that the usual series of SIX CONCERTS will be given at the Music Hall, commencing on SUNDAY EVENING, Nov'r 18, when Handel's Oratorio, SOLOMON, will be performed for the first time in America. Talented Vocalists and an efficient Orchestra have been engaged.

CARL ZERRAHN, Conductor; F. F. MUELLER, Organist. Full particulars will be given in future advertisements. Tickets for the series, \$2—may be obtained at the Music Stores of Reed & Co., Dison, Wade, Richardson and Miller; also of the Secretary, H. L. HAZELTON, Secretary, Boston, October 23, 1855. Joy's Building.

#### CHAMBER CONCERTS.—Seventh Series.

### The Mendelssohn Quintette Club,

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the musical public of Boston, that they will give a series of EIGHT Chamber Concerts at Messrs. CHICKERING'S Rooms, to take place on alternate Tuesday evenings. Tickets for the Series, Five dollars. Single tickets, One dollar each. Lists may be found at the music stores on Monday, Oct. 22d.

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### MR. CORELLI,

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As it is the intention of Mr. Corelli, to give young ladies the opportunity of practising Trios, Quartets, Choruses, &c., he has engaged the services of Sig. GENNARI as pianist and accompanist.

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